WENTY-FIFTH YEAR---NO. 1252

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1859.

ONE DOLLAR FOR 16 MONTHS.

POETRY.

The Old Cottage Clock. BY CHARLES SWAIN.

the old, old clock, of the household stock,
'as the brighrest thing and nestest;
hands, though old, had a touch o' gold,
nd its chime rang still the sweetest.
as a monitor, too, though its words were few,
et they lived, though nations altered;
it its voice, still strong, warned old and young,
'hen the voice of friendship faitered!
et, tick," it said—"quick, quick, to bed—
for ten I've given warning;
up, and go, or else, jou know,
cu'll never rise soon in the merning!"

iendly voice was that old, old clock, it stord in the corner smiling, wintry hours begui.ing: cross old voice was that tiresome clock, cross old voice was that thresome clock, it called at daybrak boldly,
it he dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,
it he carly air blew cololy;
k, tick," it said—"quick out of bod,
five I've g.ven warsing;
inever here health, you'd never get wealth,
eas you're up in the morning."

till hour; the sound goes round, and round, With a tone that ceases never; 
Thile tears are shed for the bright days fled, And old friends lost forever!

That warmer beat and younger;

That warmer beat and younger;

That's still move—though hands we love

Are clasped on earth no longer!

Thek, tick, "it said..." to the church yard bed,

The grave hash given warning...

p, up, and ries, and look to the skies.

And prepare for a Heavenly morning!"

MISCELLANEOUS. itten Expressly for the New York Sun.

SPECTRE

INGLETON:

THE FOREST MYSTERY.

By Christine H. Crrpenter.

CHAPTER XIV. NŒUVERING-FORGIVENESS-A REVELATION. "The divinest impulse, God to man has given,
The truest, purest, and most heaven-born of all—
Allying us, to the blessed Christ who did for us,
Is forgiveness?"

Is forgiveness!"

AUSTIN.

Twas about five o'clock in the afternoon of a saant day, a week later to our last chapter, Nelson Bradford sauntered carelessly into urroom of the village inn, and picked up a aper that lay on the counter. Lighting up, he composed himself in a chair one of the long windows that led to the pleasant balcony, extending the front of the building, and ranged the front of the building, and ranged the round to down the columns with a listless air lay his whole appearance changed, the range dropped from his fingers, and rising in is seat, he gazed with starting eyes upon it can near the centre of the last column; as if recollecting himself, he glanced hastiround to see if he had attracted attention, having satisfied himself that those around are too busily engaged with themselves to ottoe him, he resumed his seat, and, drawing it his penknife, cut out the notice and slipped into his pocket-book; then, glancing at the adding of the paper, he perained it was the chmond Enquirer of four weeks ago.

Soon after, he folded it, and replacing it upon ber, hastened from the inn.

Evening shades were falling round, enveloping with promiscuous confusion, or he would we observed a slender man attired in humble hillments, a slouched hat upon his head unding outside one of the long windows, intry watching him; when the latter disappared, the man walked round to the door, and wing his hat further down over his brows, tered the room. Looking carelessly around

awing his hat further down over his brows, tered the room. Looking carelessly around a few moments, he proceeded to the counter, on which lay the journal, just as Bradford had

on which lay the journal, just as Bradford and It it.
Watching the chance when he was unnoted, pushed it into his capacious pocket, and after turning the salutations of the inquisitors of the try, who generally station themselves in vilgra public houses. Left as unconcernedly as he who generally station themselves in vil-bile houses, left as unconcernedly as he

turning the salutations of the inquisitors of the rty, who generally station themselves in vilege public houses, left as unconcernedly as he dentered.

After quitting the inn, Bradford sought his vate room, and obtaining a light, he took out wallet with visible agitation in his manner, it produced the scrap of paper, which he held the lamp and reperused.

What would there be in a simple notice like it, to occasion that bold man such emotion as exhibited—walking across the room, striking hand foreiby against his forebead, reading he article? At length, he gave terance to his thoughis—

'Could such a thing be as my being mister? I am a fool to harbor the idea, and I lil not! No, not if all the siends of Satan astil! I believe my own eyes! Had another no the work, I might doubt, but doubt my rusenses. These are foolish, childish fears; ray with them! I, who can withstand the station of a spirit from the other world, outding myself."

'Tis simply one of the freaks of nature, in reating two men somewhat alike. How silly was to forget this! Ha, ba, 'tis nothing after I', so here goes—and he twisted the paper nervously in his fingers, and held it to the slame.

"There, I'm myself again!" he exclaimed when maught but ashes remained of the cause of his excitement. "And now my reason returns. I begin to think I did wrong in cutting it from the sheat; might it not be observed, and might het some one, unnoticed by me, have detected ne doing it, and curiously prompting him, note he exact place where the paragraph was missing, and ascertain the contents."

"I'lt might lead to suspicion, such things sometimes do a great deal toward injuring a man. I'll might lead to suspicion, such things sometimes do a great deal toward injuring a man. I'll

"It might lead to suspicion, such things some-times do a great deal toward injuring a man, I'll step down to the inn again, and take the whole paper away——I can prevent such a thing by so doing."

He replaced his hat upon his head, and once more sought the bar-room; cautiously he are

re sought the bar-room; cautiously he ap-ached the spot, where he had left the journal, i g ancing suddenly round perceived it was

"A bad go!" be muttered; "a bad go. So much for allowing such a thing to alarm me, thus driving away all wisdom and calculation." There were quiet preparations going on at Craniffe Hall for a wedding; the faces of the There were quiet preparations going on at Cranliffe Hall for a wedding; the faces of the slaves shene with good humor, and they worked heartily, for they were sure of a present and a holiday, knowing Julia's accustomed liberality. It is for the latter, she acted what in one else would have seemed strange, but which her penuliar disposition warranted, sometimes gay, then sad, at others feverish, restless and passionate, remaining for hours locked in her boudoir sofitary—alone. She had had frequent interviews with the attorney, in which various plans had been discussed, and none decided upon; one morning toward the middle of the week, the repeaked to that gentleman's office, and delared her intention of settling upon a course of action before she left. Brown seemed much pleased with this announcement, and remarked that he had hit upon one which would not occaded much trouble, and still suit the case. "In the first place," he began, clearing his throat, you desire to carry on the delusion that you are going to marry him, until the last moment—why you do so is unknown to me—" "And need make no part of the business!" she interrupted curtly. "Be assured my reasons are good, and by keeping up the delusion we are more sure of capturing him without delay."

more sure of capturing him without delay."

"Well ther, madam, the preparations for the wedding must continue; school yourself to show no signs of hesitation, preserve your usual demeaner towards Bradford, array yourself in the wedding \*\*semery\*\*—ahem! take your place with him before the man of God, and trust the rest to your humble servant. I will have a strong body of men at hand, to arrest him at the right moment; he is a deeperate fellow, if I can judge by his physiognomy, therefore he must be completely surrounded, so as to render tecape impossible, before the alarm is given. Does it need your approval madam? I will

what aroused by her remarks. "Do you perform your work as well as I will mine, and all will be right."
"Mr. Brown, fear not for me! Julia Cranliffe

"Mr. Brown, fear not for me! Julia Cranliffe never forgets a wrong, never neglects the opportunity for rever ge!"

The attorney knew not the hidden meaning in those words, he imagined they solely referred to her husband's death, and replied:
"A wrong deep as yours should never be forgiven, and I tell you it will do me as much good as yourself, to see such a double dyed ruffian executed."

Ste looked searchingly at him as he concluded the first sentence, she was wondering whether he knew of her youth, and the incidents connected with it, but she soon satisfied herself that he did not know of aught save the murder.

"Mrs. Cranliffe, continued Brown, "it has puzzled me ever since this case came to light, bow you could associate and be so intimate with such a wratch, as to premise to wed him."

bow you could associate and be so intimate with such a wretch, as to promise to wed him."

"Mr. Brown, you have just told me, a wrong like mine, should never be forgiven, and when I imagined I had a clue to the murderer, I was de-termined to follow it up, and see if my suspi-cions were corroborated; to do this, I was com-pelled to descend to duplicity. A circumstance courred, which compelled him to own the deed." A shudder shook Julia's frame, as her thoughts reverted to the spectre, and she could scarcely summon voice to say, "Is the case any clear-er?"

summon voice to say, "Is the case any clearer?"

"Right, right"," he mused, and then added louder, "This case will be a cifficalt one; it will be bard to convict him. The only proof against him is your cath, that he confessed it, and the principal evidence of his guitt, rests upon his action when arrested. I wish you had had a witness, to have heard his confession. I am afraid this will not convict him."

"It must," it shill if every jaror has to b bribed he must die—he is guilty, he alone!"

"Trust, that it will."

"Why, sir, how can it fall? His very countenance will express his guilt, and—but hold! I have another proof. I have another evidence! The second time he visited the Hail, after the murder, as he turned to leave the sitting room, he dropped an envelope, directed to himself; upon thecorner of it were three finger marks—in blood!"

in blocd!"

"Madam, this might add something toward convicting him, but the blood might have come from some other cause, such as a cut upon the hand, etc., but we will try what we can do. Reserve the envelope until the trial."

"I will," and Julia bowed, and left the office; returning to the Hall, she nastened to her private room—to think. She laid asice her heavy hat and veil, and rested herself in the cush-toned rocker.

vate room—to think. She laid asice her heavy hat and veil, and rested herself in the cush-loned rocker.

"Too much is done," she said aloud.
"Let him once be sentenced! I can fly this land, to Italy, sunny Italy, will I turn my steps, there free from thraidem and restraint of society, I can dwell in an atmosphere of luxury and love. How I hate the cold hearts of this Northern clime, they are not in accordance with my own, they never have such wild, enchanting dreams, but of this I shall not tases, until recence is sure. What though he stigmatize my name, is there not another land, waiting to receive me, where calumny cannot reach me? Can I not there enjoy pleasures, peculiar only to those voluptuaus shies? free from restraint, free from ceremony, my glad spirit bounds forth to haseen the time!

All is ready. Money I have enough, what care I for more than sufficient to supply my wants? This house I leave to Harry and his bride, for if I mistake net, he is betrothed to Virginis Ramson. I hope they will be happy, perhaps it will atone for my treatment of George, but his murder pays the penalty.

Then for pleasure—peace?

By jewels and wardrobe will be ready to be removed at a moment's notice, I have no uncessiness on that score."

By jewels and wardrobe will be ready to be removed at a moment's notice, I have no un-easiness on that score."

Poor mortal, did she think to find a rest in this sublunary sphere, from sorrow, toil, and pain? Had she never read those sweet and truthful words:

"Tell me, my secret soul,
O tell me Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, six and death?

From sorrow, an and costs.

Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a baim
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope and Love, best boons

given, Waved their bright wings, and whispered, Yss, IN HEAVEN! Waved their bright wings, and whispered, Its, in Haavas!

All through the bright hours of the afternoon, Julia sat in her chamber, sometimes pacing the floor in wild excitement, then relapsing into a dreamy, soliloquizing mood, quiet and hopeful. It was evident her reason was on the wane; indeed, at times, especially in those moments of uncontrollable agitation, she was a maniac! Surely, some of the moods of a nature like her's, rarely met with, and fearful to be encountered, are the result of partial derangement. Surely, some of the faculties are deadened to reason, truth, quiet and peace. Wild, wiful, passionate and capricious, a mixture of all things ungovernable in humany, 'tis well such seldom exist among our race.

Dusk of evening found her still there, but she was worn out with her emotions, and sat in her chair, her head bowed upon her hand, striving to obtain some rest for her mind and body, for the extreme mental tension, exhausted bodily strength, as well as that of the brain.

Long she sat in that position, until, with a

extreme mental tension, exhausted bodily strength, as well as that of the brain.

Long ste sat in that position, until, with a heavy sigh, her hand dropped, and she raised her head. With a smethered cry she bounded to her feet, raising her hands far above her, and remained fixed, motioniess, gazing toward the door of the spartment. And other less guilty hearts might have bounded at the sight, for to any the vision of one who has been supposed long since dead, and in the silent tomb, is fearful, awestriking, terrible!

Within the entrance was a stately, commanding figure, shroudd in sombre black, the head piece had fallen back from the countenance, which looked grim and ghastly in the faint light, but not withstanding the gloom, Julia had recognized that face, and with a desparing gesture she hoarse'y whispered:

"Why come ye here, spirit of the dead, to haunt me? Know ye not I am bringing the assassin to justice? Thou shalt be avenged then witt thou rest quiet? Thou wilt not follow me to a foreign land! back, back, to your silent grave! come not hither, at this twilight hour, to scare reason from its seat. I shall go madmad?" And she pressed her hands to her aching brow, while her eyes were still rivited upon that form, "Will ye not leave me? I tell you I have revealed the name of the murderer to one who will bring him to justice, and you and I will be avenged."

"I owe him revenge, for his wrong to me," she continued, her senses obscured by terror.

who will bring him to justice, and you and I will be avenged."

"I owe him revenge, for his wrong to me," she continued, her senses obscured by terror.

"Years agone, when in my youth, I felt for him undying affection, he professed the same for me, but when he learned the secret of my love, he deserted me, because my father was not sufficiently rich in this world's goods, he treated me as something he could throw away at pleasure, and my proud heart resolved upon vengeance. My father urged me to accept a wealthy suitor, who presented himself. "Twas George Cranliffe!"

"O! how I hated him for a time, for the very

Cranliffe!"

"O! how I hated him for a time, for the very affection he entertained for me; yet he knew not of my early wrongs, and I told him not.

When the wretch who trifled with me heard of When the wretch who trifled with me heard of my marriage, he came once more to bask in my smiles; I deceived, but I was not truly false to my husband, even in thought. Would I degrade myself to one I hated as I did Bradford? No; but I permitted the former to think me false, and led the assassin on to commit deed after deed, which would ruin him forever. He murdered thee—I know it! and yet I felt not sorrow when thou wast deed, for I was relieved of one torture. The willy villain, the cowardly reffian, then seeks me in marriage. I promised him—oh, yes, I promised him; but his bride will be pale death.

"Ab, what a surprise was there, when he

will be pale death.

"Ah, what a surprise was there, when he found I was not so wealthy as he thought, for he surmised I was sole heir of my husband's riches! But no—I received enough to make him covet it; he would wed me to obtain it, but if it to receive the part compiler against

hear you upon the subject." And he rettled back in his srm chair, in the attitude of a listener.

Julia remained silent for a moment, and then replied:

"I have Lothing better to suggest, but I charge you, Mr. Brown, be in time! One moment late, renders me the wife of a murderer, for I dare not betray my self, for fear of the consequences, for should be discover his situation before the proper time, I fear he would kill himself, or both, for he knows the fate of an assessio, and even if courage failed, dread of the gibbet, would nerve his arm to desperation."

"Reas assured of my doing my part of the business, in good season, Madam! I never fail in anything I undertake," said the attorney, somewhat aroused by her remarks. "Do you perform your work as well as I will mine, and all will be "Twilight deepened into night, and with it George. Poor George, his fate was hard, and yet.

The strength which had supperted her during this wild address gave way, and she sank back in her chair insensible. One moment the strange form paused, and its face seemed to grow more pitying. Poiselessly it glided into the room, gazed into her features, laid its hand upon her head, while the countenance was upturned toward heaven, then drawing the sable garment over its features, left as silently as it had come. Twilight deepened into night, and with it came black heavy clouds, portentiously foretelling a storm; Julia awoke to consciousness after a long deep swoon, as gently as if awakening from a peaceful slumber, she rose from her chair, rubbed her eyes, and going to the window, exclaimed, "Night so soon, how long can I have slept?"

slept?"
"What a strange dream I have had! First,

"What a strange dream I have had! First, I imagined my husband came and stood gazing starnly, but surrowfully upon me, and I thought I revealed my hidden heart history; and oh, so majestically, so reverentially he forgave me, and then seemed to fade from my sight, while I trod the earth with a more joyous, elastic step than I have for years; but how languid I feel now. I'll have a supper prepared."

She went to the mirror, and after smoothing her somewhat disordered hair, and bathing her face, left the room and descended the stairs.

Surely 'twas forgiveness, the spirit broathed upon her, to have caused such feelings in her heart. Let us hope the blessing will not fall to 'the ground. Let us hope at the day of death, when the dark-winged angel flaps his ready pinions o'er her, a choral anthem may be chanting for a redeemed soul, and angels receive it upon their bosoms and bear it to realms of everlasting light and happiness.

Mr. Brown was husy with his documents at a

Mr. Brown was busy with his documents at a late heur that night, and a faint light streamed through the crevices in the shutters out upon the road and upon the shingle, swinging in the wind, bearing the device—

"ICHABOD BROWN, Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,

etc., etc , &c." This same shingle was no ne a fancy looking This same shingle was no ne of fancy looking article, with flashy coloring, and the usual accompaniments of youthful beguners; like its owner, it was rough out plain, calculated to outlive the blast and rain, that sought to trifle with it; but while we have been discussing its, the sign's merits, the lawyer has been pondering over the case presented to his notice by Julia Cranliffe; that his mind was not occupied with his musty law relies was evident, from the various expressions of his countenance.

ious expressions of his countenance.

He was just putting away the last paper, from which hung the ominous red tape, when he neard a tap at the door.

"Who can it be at this late hour?" he asked

"Who can it be at this late hour?" he asked himself, and for a moment he feared no good was brooding; but then, with a smile at his doubt, he bade the outsider come in.

The door opened, admitting a gentleman in a short cloak and a low hat, which partially concealed his features, carrying in his hand a good sized bundle, which, after having shut the door and turning the key, he dropped upon a chair.

Mr. Brown was somewhat alarmed, and queried: "Sir, what means this mysteriousness?" The stranger lifted his hat from his brows, and after gazing wildly at him for a moment, the attorney sprang up, exclaiming, with a repellant motion: "Do my eyes deceive me? or is it, indeed, a shade I see? I believe not in such foul fantasies! But my eyes behold this!" And they were cree, for they were distended as for as possible, with astonishment.

"Mr. Brown," said the other, "pray be caim. You see before you not a spirit, as you appear to suppose, but a real fiesh and blood specimen of humanity. There, take my hand; is it not as warm as your own? Look at my face; is it not life-like enough?"

The attorney did not speak, but remained staring at him, with utter amazement in his manner. At length, from his lips dropped the

"What trick is this? Do I really see George Crankiffe before me, or—"
"Do not finish," Mr. Brown. "I am he you

"I must believe," itera'ed Brown, while he pinched his cheeks, rubbed his eyes, then gazed at his visitor again. "But this bests all I ever heard of! Why, man, you have been dead ever

"Not me, but one who was mistaken for me."

The truth flashed upon the attorney, and sinking back in his chair, he covered his round, fat face with his hands, and took no notice of the other for some moments, when he again looked toward him, he said:

"Excuse me, Mr. Cranliffe, he seated."

George took an arm chair, and Brown re-

"Excuse me, Mr. Cranliffe, be seated."

George took an arm chair, and Brown resumed...

"This so startled me! I could not realize the facts for a few moments, but I think I surmise how it is now."

"I will explain, sir, if you will first promise to quietly aid me in what I am about to lay open to your inspection."

"I shall be happy to aid you, Cranliffe, but I am so puzzled about this affair."

"Well, you see I was to have been murdered, but by some interposition of Providence, I escaped, and one who closely resembled me, in attire, e.c., became the victim in my stead. Who the latter was, I have only lately learned."

"Well, this is the queerest case, yet brought to light; in the place, a man is murdered, he is recognized by his wife and friends, an inquest is held, and he is buried, but the assassin goes untouched, unsuspected, until by some circumstance I am unaware of, he confessed the deed to the wife. She, to gratify her just desire for revenge, betrays him to me, and I agree to ald her in arresting him, but just as the affair is being settled, the man supposed to be rotting in the tomb, appears, seeks the same counsel, and here we stand."

"Has my wife then been here?" inquired

the tomo, appears, seeks the same counsel, and here we stand."

"Has my wife then been here?" inquired George, with something of agitation in his tone.

"She has, and another singular fact in it is—the lady, of course, thinking you dead, has consented to wed the villain, but never means to do so, as I am to be on hand with a party of men to arrest him, even at the altar."

"Consented to marry him," said George.—

"Why is this?"

'Why is this?' "Why the lady longs for vengeance, and she "Why the indy tongs for vengence, and ane thinks to more surely obtain it in this manner. She would completely confound the scoundrel. You see, she has not forgotten the murder!"
"Tee, yes, but sir, what proof can she bring forward to convict him?"

"Simply her oath that he confessed the deed to her, and an envelope he dropped, marked with blood, but I think that matter of convict-ing him, rests chiefly on his actions at the time his arrest, e.c."
"Um—well, whom do you condemn as the

"Nelson Bradford!" breathed Brown. "Then "Neison Bradford!" sreamed Brown. "Then tir, I have stronger, far stronger proofs of his guilt in my possession, and also another charge to array against him. I will reveal them to you, for I can trust you to he serret, till the "You can," replied he gratefully. "It is a long statement I have to repeat, and I shall be obliged to abbreviate."

obliged to abbreviate."

The lawyer acquiesced.
George then related the incidents that had dearacterized the murder, and his subsequent arrangements, with all that had transpired since the eventful occurrence.

Brown drank in the recital with eagerness, and when the negretar concluded he draw forth

mrown drank in the rectal with eagerness, and when the narrator concluded, he drew forth his silk handkerchief, and after wiping his face, exclaimed, "You have done well, sir—well!"

"And here are the proofs which he cannot combat!" And George placed in his hand, the bundle he had dropped.

"They are—"

"They are—"

"They are—"

"The garments in which the crime was committed, and the knife used on that occasion."

Mr. Brown trembled with excitement as he opened the parcel, and spread the contents on the floor of the office. They were the drab pants and the brown coat and vest, spotted with blood, and also the knife, rusted with gore! He bid George repeat again the manner in which the latter was found, and then cried—

"Strange! Strange! With such proof as this, Mr. Cranline, no power can save him; he must be convicted!"

"Mr. Brown, I will liberally reward you for your service after this affair is over. I would remit you a fee now, but I have hardly enough upon which to live until the time when I receive my property again."

Brown bowed his head in acknowledgment, and replied—
"I hank you, Mr. Cranliffs. I am not a very rich man in money, but I flatter myself that my clients seldom regret liberality, for I never lose a case commenced."

clients seldom regret liberality, for I never lose a case commenced."

"You must be very skillful then," remarked George. "And now Mr. Brown to propose my plan. Nelson Bradford will be arrested at my wife's accusal, as before intended, and as her evidence may not be sufficient to punish him, at the moment when he is congratulating himself that he will ascape, I will appear as a witness against him. These articles I will leave in your charge to be produced at the proper time."

"That's just my idea."

"Well, then, air, as this business is settled, I will depart. I shall not see you again, until just before the trial. This visit, as well as the fact that I am living, must be kept privy from all; my wife must knew naught of it."

"It shall; but I can't get over my fright," said Brown, as George arose. "I was confounded."

ed."
"Twas very natural, sir," replied he, "and, as I have to'd you, you are not the only one who thought they saw a spirit."

"I'lis strange you have not been discov-I was too cautious for that ; I should not have ventured here, but knowing you were alone, and upon entering I locked the door, to shut out intruders."

shut out intruders."

"I had forgotten that in my excitement at recognizing you. What a commetion this series of incidents will produce, in this little village! Mr. Cramiife, I shall win a name by it."

it." I trust you will, sir, and now—good night." He wrapped his cloak closely around him, and hastened cautionsly forth into the open air, he looked around, no one was in sight, so he hurried away.

The attorney, after examining again and again the bundle left in his charge, placed it in a secret closet, chuckling as he did so—"Aha, the villain's caught now—my fortune's made!" A short time after the office was in darkness, and Mr. Brown snugly ensonced in bed, dreaming of short time after the office was in darkness, and Mr. Brown snugly ensconced in bed, dreaming of exercises in the form he would win, in the speech he was going to make at the trial.

How souncily lawyers can sleep with the knowledge sometimes that a life rests with them? how fondly they dwell on the condemning, or pathetic speech, the pet object of the brain.

'Twouldn't do for every one to be a lawyer—some hearts are too tender.

CHAPTER XV. VILLAGE GOSSIPS. GLIMPSE OF A MOTHER'S

WILLAGE GOSSIPS. GLIMPSE OF HEART.

"There are the spiders of society,
They weave their pretty webs of lies, and snee
And lie themselves in ambush for the spoil."

-Landon.

"I could not tell thee if I would,
The fears that rack a mother's heart,
Which never leave her, never die,
Until the life her frame departs.
Fears for the welfare of the child,
She loves, and guards, with anxious pride,
Sadiy giving up the treasure,
When lover sues her, for his bride."

When lover sues her, for his bride."

"Good morning, Mrs. Knowall. What do you think of the coming marriage in this village? for my own part, I think it is scandalous."

"Mrs. Cranliffs you mean, do you not, Mrs. Grundy? I think she had better cover her face for shame, and not appear sgain for a year, at east. I'm sure I should be forever diagraced, if my daughter should do such a thing."

"Tes, and Knowall, how she affected at the burial of the poor man! Pity he wouldn't arise from his grave. to confront her with 'hyperricy'!"

"Pity he wouldnt!" responded Knowall. "He is hardly cold in his windin' sheet, before she turns round, and marries one of the neighbors, and he must want a wife, I think! There was a plenty of others he could have chosen; my 'dater' or yours, for instance. I'm sure she led him into a trap, but she will pay for it. I remember for yours, for instance. I'm sure she led him into a trap, but she will pay for it. I remember con a woman, she once knew, who hitched six month after her fust husband's death, and at night, she used to see his gbost," (has yoice sank to a low mysterious whisper) 'and four months after, she was struck by lightnish. That shows! depend upon it"—she ladd her finger in the palm of her hand, as she continued—"she will come to so good."

Mrs. Grundy acquiesced with a nod or two of

will come to so good."

Mrs. Grundy acquiesced with a nod or two of her head, and then related a similar story, until Mrs. Knowall's little boy, Jim, ran up, and exclaimed.

"Oh, mom! Sall's gone out, an' left the baby squallin' as loud as ginger, an' the kittle's bilin'

squsliin' as loud as ginger, an' the kittle's bilin' over!"

The lady gave him a box on the ear, and bidding her dear friend Grundy, a good murning, seized him by the collar, and hurried him indignantly away, pouring out a torrent of threats upon his devoted head, for interrupting her, in the midst of her interesting chat.

Mrs. Grundy smiled maliciously, as she observed her, and turned up the road, she had not proceeded far, before she perceived Virginia Remson walking slowly toward her, bearing a hendsome book in her hand.

"Good morning, Miss Remson!" she exclaimed, but the young girl did not hear her, as her attention was fixed on the volume she carried, a second time she repeated her salutation, and Virginia returning it, was about to pass on, but the goesip was not going to let her escape so easily.

"Miss Remson, I suppose you have heard of the marriage that is coming off."

"Well, did you ever see two mortals so suited to sach other, as they are? They were cut out for one as ether. I've often heard it said, when a woman marries a man, who isn't het second self, he is taken away, to make room for her mate, but I don't believe it's true, do you."

E''l am sure, Mrs. Grundy, I know nothing about it, but Mr. Bradford and Mrs. Cranliffe, must be mutually satisfied, or they would not have come to terms."

"That's my opinion, but Mrs. Knowall declares she ought to be ashamed, and says she led him into a trap, but, la! what a pretty ring that is upon your finger, somethin' like my Maryanne's! Let me see it dear."

Virginia extended her small white hand, upon which güstened a splendid diamond, upon the setting of which, was engraved—"From Harry, to Virginia."

Mrs. Grundy had seen enough, when she read the words and after commenting upon its beauty, resumed.

"But I never pay much attention to what Konwall asys for she is a dirty sloventy wretch.

the words and after commenting upon its beauty, resumed.

"But I never pay much attention to what Knowall says, for she is a dirty, slovenly wretch, and her children are always running into the neighbors, to find out where she is, as she's always runnin' out, heavin' her darter', the humliest, red faced girl in the place, to do the work, but she ain't no better'n her mother, and ginnerally follers her example. She had the imperdence to insinervate, that fir. Bradford might have chosen Sali for a wife, just like her!"

perdence to insinervate, that Mr. Bradford might have chosen Bail for a wife, just like her!"

Virginia thought it was now time to end this highly edifying conversation, and bidding her a politic good day, she turned away, just as Mrs. Nothingno joined the immaculate Grandy. The tale of the wedding was again repeated, the conversation of Knowall and Virginia annexed, with some additions, which were only interrupted by such expressions, as—"Du tell? I want to know! &c." from the worthy listener. As a wind un, Grundy exclaimed.

"Would you believe it, that proud Virginia Remson, showed me a diamond ring, on her finger, with the words—"From Harry to Virginia, on it! No doubt she just wanted me to see that' the designing minx! Harry, means Harry Cranliffe, the widow's brother in law, he's an overbearing wretch."

But, reader, are you not already tired of village chat? It so, we will weary you no longer, with the senseless, malicious tattle, falling like a cataract from the mouths of scandal mongers, always to be found in such a place, and bad as they are, they are excelled by their sisters in the city.

Virginia had left the outskirts of the village, and was still sauntering slowly along, her eyes fastened upon her book, when a gay voice ex-

and was still sauntering slowly along, her eyes fastened upon her book, when a gay voice ex-"Whither away, lady fair, this sunshing

"Whither away, lady fair, this substituty morning?"

She raised her face, and beheld Harry approaching, attired in a sporting suit of Lincoln green, his gun in his hand, and a bag of game over his shoulder.

"Gunning so early, Harry?" she asked.

"Come, sit down on this racesy stone with me, I have something to say to you."

I have something to say to you."

"Most willingly," he replied, flinging his bag
and weapon on the grass, and dropping upon the
seat, a miniature bower, adorned by natures fair
fingers, he took up the book that lay upon her
lap, and commenced carelessly to turn over the pages.
"Harry, do you know I met Mrs. Grundy this morning; of course you do not, so to set you at

rest, I did, and a most amiable discourse she delivered, upon the fact that Mrs. Cranliffe, and Mr. Bradford, were cut out for each other. Now I did not know this approaching event had circulated so widely through the village, why, she told me Mrs. Knowall's opinion of it, and I don't know how much more, until I was forced to leave her, as I espled one of her estimable friends approaching, and I dreaded another lecture. Is it not singular, how a thing will be bruited around, and can vassed, and talked over, by every idle gossip in the place?"

"Twouldn't be the case, dearest, if they would mind their own business and not meldle with other people's; but every place has its regular gossips, and well disposed people are ostiged to suffer them, no matter how much against their will."

"For my part," resumed Virginia, "I despise a female, or indeed a male meddler—one who can never rest unless scan fallizing their neighbors."

oan never the bors."

"I pity them also, Jennie, for they are too ignorant to know better."

"And so do I; but, now, Harry, tell me, do, exactly, what you think of your sister's mar-

"I know not what to think, it puzzles me." "And me, too! I see no affinity In the natures of those two individuals. Surely one so lovely as Mrs. Cranliffe, cannot love that man, for Harry, beneath his polished exterior, and assumed cordinaity, I think I detect a heart not true and good, but deeply, darkly inclined. I like him not." A shadow overspread Harry's face, as he ques-tioned:
"Have you ever conversed with him, that you

"Have you ever conversed with him, that you form so strange an opinion."
"Never, but I have closely observed him when passing, and thus my impression has been received."
"I am glad, my Virginia, that you have not come in actual contact with Bradford, for I cannot esteem him, and do not deem him worthy to hold converse with so pure, so innocent a flower as yourself."

Harry drew her head to his bosom, and looked lovingly into the violet eyes raised foodly to his own; at length she murmured: "What sin has he been gulity of, that you thus dislike him?"
Some future time, Virginia, you shall know

own; at length she murmured: "What sin has he been gullty of, that you thus dislike has he been gullty of, that you thus dislike him?"

'Some future time, Virginia, you shall know all." Assuming a more tender tone, he condinued: "The subject of the coming wedding feminds me of a promise you made to name the happy day that would give me the right to call you," he breathed the words s Atly, "my sofe." A blush manufed Virginia's cheek, ter eyes were cast down, her hand trembled in his, and she did not reply.

"Why this agitation, dearest?" whispered he after a panse. "Do you fear to trust your future happiness solely to my keeping? Is there a dount arises in your gentle heart?" he asked, in tones of mourfuit reproach.

A test started to her eyes, as she raised them to his face and replied, "No, Harry, not; that; you are too soble, too good, too gentle, too kend, for me to doubt."

"What then, Virginia?—You weep!"

"Nothing, only I am silly, crying for I do not know what!" and a smile hovered about her lips, seeing which, Harry playfully said: "Only you wish to keep me in suspense, or prefer my stating the time, which I very readily consent to do;" and lightly laying his hand upon her mouts to prevent her giving jutterance to the words whach tumbled upon them, he resumed—"when once I rame is, it must be a great inducement that shall persuade me to alter it. So now, I set this day, four weeks, you see I am liberal, as the momentous time, when Virginia Remsen spinater, shall be ready to lay askie that title, all excusse, &c., to the contrary, to accept the appaliation of Mre. Harry Cranhiffe!

"Liberal indeed." Now I beg leave to dealine according to that agreement."

E 'On what grounds?"

"That it is entirely too short a space to allow me to consider the matter, and suady other excusee."

"And what shall be my indecement, to extend you a greater langth of time?"

"And what shall be my indecement, to extend you a greater langth of time?"

me to consider the matter, and sundry other excuser."

"And what shall be my inducement, to extend you a greater langth of time?"

"The promise that I will agree to your wish, this day, three months hence."

"Three months hence! entirely too long a period madam," he returned merrily. "I couldn't think of such a thing. I should commit suicide from sheer despair." But at length, at Virginia's earnest request, he assented to her desire, and it was formally decided that they should be united on the twentieth day of October, about an interval of three months from the present.

After a short pause, Virginia arose, remarking that somebody at the villa would be teasing her about her long stay, taking his gun and game,

After a short pause, Virginia arose, remarking that somebody at the villa would be teasing her about her long stay, taking his gun and game, he proceeded with her to Kose villa, and after flinging his feathered offering at the feet of Mrs. Remsen, begging her to accept the addition to the larder, he departed, with Edward's mischievous inquiry, "Whether Jennie had contributed any to the spoil?" ringing in his ears.

Desiring to be alone with her thoughts, the firmer hastened to her boudoir. "Twas a lovely room, hung with rose hued silk drapery, shaded with white; the carpet was rich, and of the softest velvet, fringes of moses depended from the gargeous festcons upon its white ground, interlaced with blossoming vines; the furniture was of light cane, fancifully made, so peculiar to the South. An Italian landcape, vivid and beautiful in coloring, an exquisite head of the Madonna, and several other gems limed the walls, while upon the mantle was a statue of the queen of flowers, in the purest Parian marble; a rosewood workstand was in front of the gilt-framed mirror, covered with pleces of needlework, from among whose folds peeped a bouquet of blush roses, and dewy green leaves burdening the air with their exquisite perfume; near them lay a minature gold thimble, with an ivory needlecase, etc.

The whole was well suited to the refined taste of profound meditation, from which she was awakened by a light tap upon the door, and the next moment Mrs Remson entered.

"Jennie, are you not well this morning?" she saked, observing the other's abstraction.

Virginia colored, as she replied:
"Perfectly well, mother, but a little list-less."

"Perfectly well, mother, but a little list-less."
"I think I can discover something beside that in my Jennie's manner; your mother's observ-ing eye, my daughter, reads in those flushing cheeks and downcast eyes, that something more than usual has disturbed your equanimity this morning. Will you not make me your confidant? It surely is not sadness, yet it does not leok like you." And the fond parent seated herself beside her child, and passed her arm around the slender waist, while her soft brown eyes rested mildly upon her face.

In a new moments, with averted countenance, Virginia related the promise she had that morn-

In a sew moments, with averted countenance, Virginia related the promise she had that morning given Harry.

Mrs. Remson's clasp tightened round her waist as she concluded, and for a short interval she did not speak, but covered her face with her disengaged hand.

Who can tell what was passing in that mother's heart? The time had come, when she must relinquish to another's keeping the flower she had so carefully cherished! Other arms would embrace her, another be dearer, another heart plan for her happiness, and oh! would he sacredly guard her from unhappiness, as she had done? would he prove true to his trust. This, and far, far more rushed through the mind of Mrs. Remson, while she felt that there was none to whom she would more willingly give her treasure, none whom she would more joyfully accept as a son than Harry Cranifff; but oh! the sacrifice so wounded the mother's heart. She did not expose her countenance to her child's gaze, until Virginia, astonished at her long silence, arked,

article virginia, astonished at her long stience, asked,

"Does it not meet your approval, mother?"

"My sweet child, I do wrong to thus keep you in suspense. Harry is worthy of you, he is noble, generous, brave, and loving, and has long since gained from your father's lips a consent to win you, but in releasing you to his care, I must lose you."

"Not so, my mother. I will still love you."

sent to win you, but in releasing you to his care, I must lose you."

"Not so, my mother, I will still love you dearly as ever. The affection I entertain for Harry never can change that which I feel for you, it is distinct from my home ties, but mother, if you cannot pat from me, I will beseech Harry tetrelease me from the promise, and remain ever near you."

"Do you not love him sufficiently then to give up your home associations;" questioned Mrs. Remson.

"I love him with all the depth and fervor of my heart, but "tis to you I owe a debt I never can repay; to you I owe fillal obedience, and I will ablde by your decision."

"Do not deem me so selfish, my daughter, as to wish to crush your young affection, and bind you to myself. "Tis my dearest wish to see you happy in the future, and my grief was occasion."

ed by the thought—would you be loved as you are now."

"Mother, kindest of parents, surely you do not doubt Harry's love?"

"Id on not!"

"Then be assured, in becoming his wife, in sharing his joys and soothing his sorrows, I shall be the need, proudly, joyfully happy. I can wish higher false."

"God count works."

can wish to higher face."

"God prant you may never regret your choice, and may you be as happy as a wife as I have been, blest with loving hearts and every comfort that makes life sweet!" And, silently

invoking a blessing upon her head, she pressed her lips to the damask cheek, and retired from the room. CHAPPER XVI. TRE COLONEL'S LOVE. A PLEA FOR JULIA. THE TERRIBLE DISCOVERY.

"Cold, careless are we, of another's grief, We wrap ourselves in sullen selfahness." Ethel Churchii. "Now, o'er one half the world, Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abu The curtained seep."

'Twas the night before the day, upon which Julia Cranliffe, was to personate for a time, a bride; the Colonel and Harry were in their room at the inn, the former lighting his "weed," the latter pacing up and down, humming an old

latter pacing up and down, humming an old song.

"I say, Harry, when have you concluded to relinquish the joys of bachelor life, to become a Benedict?"

"I nank you, Colonel, for the last," said Harry, mirthfully. "A Benedict, indeed! I shall be the happiest husband, bleat with the sweetest little wife, ever was."

"Umph! that don't answer my question."

"Well, then, Virginia gives me the right to call her mine, the twentieth day of October, about three months hence."

"Thât's coming to the point, like a man. "Thât's coming to the point, like a man. Well, Harry, you are a lucky dog!" sighed the Colonel. "Virginia is a lovely girl, aimest too etherial for earth. Cherish her tenderly my boy, but I know you will, she will be in safe keeping."

cotherial for earth. Cherish hat tenderly my boy, but I know you will, she will be in safe keeping."

"God aid me to do so!" fervently responded the other. "But, Colonel, you are sad, tell me, why you have never married."

"One reason, because I never could find one who would be content to become Mrs. Pealing; the second reason, I never gave anyone a chance to be!" and he laughed shortly.

"Do not deceive me Colonel, there is another reason beside that—can you not trust me?" and he gazed earnestly into his face,
"The Colonel wiped the tears from his eyes, caused, he said, by the smoke of his cigar, (doubtful!) and after coughing to clear his throat, remarked:

"Harry, you are right, there is another cause. She, to whom my heart's test affections were given, now sleeps in the grave, I never can love another, while her memory is present to me. Consumption blighted her fair form, and hurried her to an untimely tomb. She was a fragile, New England flower, I met some twenty years ago in the South, whither she had come to renovate her failing health, but alas! the very day her lips acknowledged her love for me, she grew worse, and in one short week, the noisome tomb waited to receive all that was mortal, of Eula Graveancr. Bahold her miniature," he continued, drawing a small velvet case from his bosom, and placing it in Harry's outstretched hand, and then overcome with emotion, he retreated into the adjoining apartment. Harry touched the spring, and the case flew open, before him was a face so celleate, so etherial, that he started, expecting to see it melt into air. The eyes were large, brown, and full, from whose depths rose a soulful expression, talling of the innate purity of mind, the hair was soft, and wavy, falling over the shoulders like clouds of auturn, the mouth exquisitely small, and beautiful; she looked too spirituelle, too angelie for earth. Harry wondered not at his friend's grief, at losing such a being, he wondered not at his never marrying, with the face of the spirit bride before him.

marrying, with the face of the spirit bride before him.

When the Colonel again entered the room, he found him still absorbed in gazing upon the picture, he looked up as he heard Pesling's step, and closing the case returned it to him, exclaiming in tones of heartfalt sympathy:

"Colonel, forgive my thoughtless raillery! I knew not till now, how ennobled, how unselfish, now sacrificing was your disposition, I am but too happy in owning such a triend! During all these years, you have passed through society, burying your grief so deep in your own breast, that none suspected it, hiding your own sorrow, so that you might not mar the enjoyment of others! Suffering in secret; borne my senseless raillery, cheerfully, kindly, not even himiting, upon your bleated hopes. Once more, I sue forgiveness, the no disgrace to seek it, at so noble a shrine."

The Colonel extended his hand, and took Harry's cordially within his own, murmuring.

a shrine."
The Celonel extended his hand, and took Harry's cordially within his own, murmuring.
"Twas not your fault, Harry! You should have known this long age, but I thought it best kept in my own bosom, that it might not check your easy flow of feeling, or cause you useless sorrow. One consolation I have, that though I would have guarded her as a priceless treasure, laid down life for her, she was too frail, too holy, for earth—human devotion could not suffice and God called her to himself, to spare her gentle spirit worldly care. She is an angel, and often when I gaze upon the starlit say at eventies, I single out one particular one, more recitant than the rist, and think she dwellesshere, looking down upon the loved ones she left upon this lower sphere.

Harry feit the tears gush to his eyes, and he demed them no shame to his manhood, they were tears of honest sympathy, and the prayer that escaped his trembling lips, was, that the earthly rose he had won, might be spared to bless him with her love many years, ere she was called to a more colestial home.

No farther conversation ensued between the

earthly rose he had won, might be spared to bless him with her love many years, ere she was called to a more celestial home.

No farther conversation ensued between the two friends, until the clock struck nine, when the Colonel arose and exclaimed.

"Harry, had you forgotten our agreement with George?"

"Almost," rejoined he, "but now that you have reminded me of it, we will hasten, and be off to the trysting place."

A few moments more, and they were in the saddle, cantering down the road.

George was at the central clump before them, and, as they drew rein after their journey, stepped from the shadow of the forest to greet them; after they had dismounted and the usual salutations were over, Harry ejaculated, "George, I am most anxious to hear what steps are to be taken in an affair so mementous to us all. Julia is to wed Brasford to-morrow!"

"She will never do it!" was the starting decration from the other's lips. "Listen! my actions shall be secret from two such tried friends no longer. Julia did not aid Brasford in his attempt to murder me. In her youth, he won her love, but cast it aside, and she was forced unknown to me, to become my bride, she was not truly false to me, as I surmised, but deceived me for the purpose of leading him to ruin; He committed the deed, she knew him to be the murderer, but wished still further to en rap him a short time since she betrayed him to Mr. Brown, the attorney. I myself, knowing I had sufficient proofs of his guilt, wended my way thither, some nights ago, and learned the fact. I gave the lawyer damning proofs of his crime; he will be arrested when about to take upon himself the vows of a husband. Julia had intended thus to fool him. She as yet knows not that I was alive; I shall not appear until the last moment to confront the villain."

appear until the last moment to confront the villain."

"Does she know aught of the slave?" queried the Celonal, after the other had concluded this brief recital.

"If she does she has betrayed her knowledge to no one, consequently I think she does not."

"Then there is another surprise for her. George I am glad she is not so guilty as we imagined." said Harry.

"And so am I!" ejaculated the Colonel. "For woman's heart should never harbor crime to so fearful an extent. A woman should be the gentlest, most virtuous of God's creatures, but alse! this is not always the case."

"She may not be so guilty in one respect," replied George; "but she cherished a desire for reverge, which was awful in its powers. She possesses a heart in which too many unruly passions hold their sway; she must be controlled by means which at once we sa'l affright her. 'Tis sad to know that one who should be the consoler, the comforter of man, becomes the demon who leads him to destruction; but Julia's mind might not have been so corrupted in her early days, before she suffered her bitter disappoir,tment. Revenge! that is what has eaten up every good trait." And as he concluded, he sighed heavily.

"George," asked Feeling, "how is Bradford to be arrested?"

"Mr. Brown and Julia had arranged that the former should be upon the spot, with sufficient

ed by the thought—would you be loved as you are now."

"Mother, kindest of parents, surely you do "What was Bradford's reason for washing to

marry her?"

'To get the property. Twee fer this he would have murdered you, Harry, that he might get all."

Some two hours inter than this conversation." Melson Bracford bid Julia Craniffe good night, for the last time he asserted in that name, and turning his steps homeward, he entered the Hetels room he called his own, exclaiming with a low chuckle—

"But a few hours more, and the knot is tied. Desert me not now, thou fishe goodess of forwine! She has imbibed the taral poison, and it is even now doing its work, her ecomplexion is purer, morets a apparent, than its wont, her eyes sparkie with a tweeted light, a heetic finesh burns upon her cheek, sure symptoms of deexy, and she moves with that languid, is also air, peculiar to invalid; she is sinking to the tomb—I dared not let her live, with my search known to her. No, but when she is deed, then I am a new man again! How widty I will plunge into every species of desipation, and i'd myself of this remorsef? The not, 'de this hum-drum life I lead gives me the blues. In one project I have been folled, but I may yet succeed. If Harry Craniffe could have died before Julia's doceans, I would be tempted to sell my-self to the arch fend if I were not his already."

He laughed mockingly, and it seemed to be repeated in his ear, he looked triumphantly around the room, but no one was there—he was alone.

"There is one thing I will do before I proceed a step further in this affair, and that is, to burn itose garments, which were placed in the old Aouse! Should it be torn down, and they be directed, which were placed in the old house family and they are sported exist gove,—and what them I might need them; though be that as it may, I'll do the business this night!"

The clock struck twelve, as Nelson Bracford, not without inward heatiancy stole from the house and hastened rapidly along by the side of the road 'til be gained the deserted court; here house and hastened rapidly along by the side of the row of the human strength and procedule, and he face had been been leaded

Again that low, mocking laugh seemed echoing in his est.

"Now, they have gone forth, proofs of my
guilt—but, hold I it may not be so desperate. It
have no proofs that any living man has them;
but what, then, can have become of them? Ah,

a lucky thought!"

'Pompsy, the negro, was here some few days—might be not, in his rambling and searching, have hit upon this panel, and seeing the clothes, retained them for himself, unaware that the dark stains upon them was blood! If no, and I have little doubt of it, he will be pronounced the murderer. "Twill be easy for me, if he is captured and brought up, to say he stole the ciothes from me, and then his running away will make it more plausible. Things are not so desparate, after all," and the guilty man buoying himself up with false arguments paused in his walk, while a smile of satisfaction stole over his features. "Fortune has not yet deserted me, Satan is true to his own!"

over his features. "Fortune has not yet deserted me, Satan is true to his own!"

Once more that hollow, jeering laugh, and with it now blended a groan, deep and unearthly. Quivering with mortal fear, Bradford turned toward the door. He made an effort to rush through it, but was unable to do so; his limbs refused to support him, and he sank weak and faint upon the floor, his eyes still upon the doorway.

A tall majestic figure, with the long nighthued cloak, stalked noiselessly in, its face was hidden but plain, distinct, and with awful meaning, came the words.—"Nelson Bradford prepars! your doom is sealed. But a short time is granted you, repent or not, as you choose, for your enormous crimes. Ask pardon of the God you have offended! Before the judgment bar of his throne you will answer for your sins."

"Meenember, the guilty never go unpunished! Even now the gates of hell are yawning to receive you, even now, Satan and his band a walt to drag you to everlasting death! Though you deem yourself secure, since your deed is not known to the Oannipotent Fa her of the universe. This is the last time I come to warn you."

Again the wretched man thought he heard that resultive laugh. The figure grew dim and

the universe. This is the last time I come to warn you."

Again the wretched man thought he heard that repulsive laugh. The figure grew dim and shadowy in the gloom be; ond, and at length entirely disspeared.

Summoning all his strength, Bradford arose to his feet, seized the lantern, and fied down the old staircase, through the coholog hall and lonely coursyard, and stopped not until he was in the solitude of his own chamber.

Could the articles of that room have been endowed with life and speech for a time, what takes of crime, and the workings of a guilty conscience, could they tail they had witnessed; but the murderer feit safe within its precincts. He fastened the door with trembling hands, and then, throwing himself in an arm chair, covered his countenance, which was wet with large drops of perspiration, with his hand.

"Thank God, I need never go there again!"

"Thank God, I need never go there again!"
S range, that one so deeply stained, should
call upon the Creator he had rejected, to granthim aid.

call upon the Creator he had rejected, to grant him aid.

"My last visit has been made to the haunted house. Was it but the phantasy of a disordered brain, that sombre form, that warning? "Thouse your deeds may not be known to man. "Is, I remember those words, and if I pass through life unsuspected, what need I care for the hereafter? The last time I shall be tormented by the appearance, phantasy, or whatever it is! Then away with these foolish fears. The deeds were better known to spirits than to man—they are more apt to keep secrets. I must overcome this ridiculous fashion I have of being frightened at everything. The spectre has never yet seriously injusted me, yet, when it appears, I shadder and shiver, at what? Only the shade of one, who I know his deep in the ground, with the cold soil heaped upon his breast." But though the tongue could talk, the bedy would not act in acquiescence, for his limbs still trembled with excess of excitement.

To be Continued.

Herrible Affair.

The Nashville, Tenn., Gasetta, learns of a terrible occurrence in Chatham county. A Mr. LANGSTER and his wife had been absent from home for a short time on a visit, and left the house, during their absence, in charge of their son, aged about 11 years. Returning to the house at a late hour of the night, they resolved to test the boy's courage, and Mr. LANGSTER statistically appreached the house, and asked for admission. The boy saked who was there, but received he answer. Repeating the question and receiving no answer, he procured a double-barreled enot gun, and stepping outside of the house fired. The gun was leaded with buckshot, the most of which took affect in Mr. LANGSTER's body, producing it is supposed a fatal wound. The agony of the boy, on discovering whom he had shot, was intense. Herrible Affair.